Dear Jim,

10/8/74

I don't think you can imagine how I welcome the opportunity to make a few comments of your construction-worker's projects, it has been that kind of day and that kind of 10 says!

I don't think that looking back on so much corruption and dishonesty I can recall anything to compare with what Jim Lesar and I have been subjected to in person and after by the subhumans who are Assistant Attorneys General of the State of Tennessee. For the most part I am covered by the "protective" order of the federal court in Memphis. for the rest there is no point is dismaying you further abouth the low state of justice in the court, or the practise of dishonest prosecutors. Perhaps I'll say more later where I can, but I have again decided to do what I think right and called for and Lil is now retyping a long statement of charges I will ~~have~~ filed against that pair of Watergaters with the federal judge in which I also ask that he recognize me pro se. I think you know me well enough to know that I can at worst support my charges. I tell you that if this comes to an issue, which I do not really expect, I will have some pretty shocking stuff to make public in court. Fortunately, I can do this without going into or in any way using any of the protected "discovery" material we got despite the best prosecutorial and other stonewallers' efforts.

I charge abuse of process, contempt of court orders and professional misconduct. There is a record of the past and perhaps you can now see why, when I felt I could no longer avoid it, I filed those letters of which you have copies.

If inexperienced but fine and decent Jim had correctly understood the situation he would not have removed from the affidavit I mailed just before 5 yesterday that I had included in anticipation, instictive I'll admit, of this newest of dirtyworks. It is not protected but I have already had too much of it for one day.

You may also remember, because I think I sent you a copy, that I laid out the needed-nay, urgent - strategy months ago in a memo Fensterwald has yet to acknowledge. Fortunately he is at Lenin's tombo of Nikita's dacha so Jim and I were at least able to work. We did cover so much in so little time! I look back and wonder extended and abused and tied up with dirty tricks as we were how we could have accomplished what we did. But it took some rather accurate anticipations and readings! And steps.

So, it has been rough, and the latest is the unprecedented filing of discovery against a defendant in a criminal action and his defnse (I'm styled "agent")!

My own estimate is that the judge will dismiss it out of hand and they'll use it for further stonewalling. So, in the morning my request to be recognized pro se and for actions against the State finks, documented as it is - and documentable as it challenges - will be on the way to the judge and available to be filed with the 6th circuit, where Haile has to go if he is turned down in Memphis, as I expect.

I've had a long conversation withPaul Valentine backgrounding him as his request and it is almost time for the evening TV news. I haven't heard a newscast all day. Not even as usual while shaving because I had to think of what I'd do. But until the news:

If you can stand up to a full day of digging, friend youire in better shape than I am. But after the fatigue wears off you'll be in better shape than you were. This is good and I miss that kind of exercise. I never particularly enjoyed forming but I've done enough of it, awlays with scrap and junk, and it has held up. You mentioned reinforcing. The day Lil had surgery the footings of our Hyattstown home were poured. I never dreamed that the country mechanics I had had never used reinforcing rod. And through a good connection I had gotten at junk prices enough for her uncle to construct a duct behing his garage to carry a stream so he could drive cars over it. Goos 50-75 feet in length, three sides and strong enough for trucks. While I was away sweating out Lil's surgery those characters merely tossed pieces of rods into the concrete was it was chuted it. I returned when they were doing this with the last and there wasn't a single piece of rod left. No two pieces tied together even. They hadn't heard of that, either. So, we sure had a strong footing in the house!

I had homemade chutes with which I chutes concrete into the chickenhouse foundations. But I then had to rake it around and then smooth it by hand. I poured floors the same way, distributing the concrete with large solid rakes I made of heavy lumber and doing the lighter and finer work with a garden rake. In fact, it got to the point where, with all the concrete I

and where I had to be my own finisher, I made a large wooden gadget on a stout handle so that I could smooth the stuff before it set up. The floors were smooth, but there was no real level. Kentucky-windage kind. They held up, though, and were pretty smooth. Sometimes I had to do it in the dark, with a trouble-light providing what illumination I had. In the sticks what other possibilities? What I'm proudest of, however, is devising a way of pouring only a two-inch concrete floor in the air and having it hold up without cracking. It was the hendhouse. I anchored and used galvanized netting, mesh, as reinforcing. And with all the weight all those chickens, moisture, manure, equioment, litter (esp. when wet) it never cracked in a single place.

Meeting these kinds of challenges was fun but then I was younger than we now are. Your conditions are pretty rough. That's a helluva footer to have to dig! Even in the open, not under the house.

Jus thinking of these normal needs of normal living if of abnormal exertion is easing me out of the great tension. Gets the mind away.

I presume you are or have been digging in rock. Oh, boy!

I remember our spptic tank. With dynamite (three small charges at different times) it took me 19 mandays to dig. I had an invention that helped a bit, though, because I was wearing out the points of pickaxes too fast and full days of swinging those and a dad back and not reallt compatible. I got a couple of auto axles and had a local amateur shape one end into a large chisel. I'd use the pick enough to get the "chisel" in and then use a sledge. This way when the bacl hurt I could pound away while on my knees. However, I was working in the clear. Nothing except sky above. And I was only about 35.

We in those days also had to order a minimum of three yards of concrete. But I'd never heard of a pipe for slushing it so great a distance. I imagine it has to be a rather wet mix with finer aggregate for that wonder to work.

Let me console you about not having a pro do the work for reasons other than cost or the exercise is good for you. I had a contractor put in the steal girder that carried the center of the house, as you may recall they do. I wasn't there when he did it but suddenly I came to realize that it wasn't level! It wasn't, either, My eye was that good. So, I had to raise one end and the center (it was almost 40' long with screwjacks, little by little, shimming as I went with as I recall 4x4s, until I had it a hair above true level. I had gotten an assortment of steel plates in the junkyard and as I raised it I shimmed on the permanent supports with them. As soon as I had it raised high enough I'd insert the steel. I think the low end was 2" off. And the roof was already on the house.

Of course I was disgusted. But there was a kind of satisfaction when I'd done all that all by myself that you may enjoy even more if the aches permit because of the difference in ages. I have always found a kind of satisfaction in physical work done well. The fatigue becones a kind of perverse pleasure.

Ray-judicial chaos again and I must cope by remote. Blackmail of federal judge.

After supper 10/9/74 It kept up, with the State backing down muhc but Jim forced into a position he felt he had to accept and now realizes he can't and that I won't, that tthe State <u>can</u> have the rights it demands, a totalitarianism. Fortunately, depite the strength I felt was necessary and the urgency I was certain was required. I rushed through a <u>pro se</u> serious of specific and documented charges against the Atate's AGs, made the last outgoing airmail last night, and Jim said the judge had it or the State had the fruit of eavesdropping this a.m. (I sent airmail special). It seemed to stiffen the judge's willingness to resist but not completely... Anguish, troubles and upset but we push ahead.

To give you an idea of the kind of vule stuff, the Asst AG today told the judge that my "ugly" behavior to the tough old former cop, and experienced shief criminal Memphis AG investigator put him in the hospital with "heart pains" We had heard only that he was not in the office because he was ill, I'd assumed a diplomatic illness. Not convinced otherwise yet. But I had had no harsh words with that crooked cat. I'd not only told him what he was withholding but ticked off the proof. And demanded his personal identification of certain evidence he had withheld that I had seen. He dared not do it and he dared not not do it. To say I'd precipitated a heart attack with a man with whom I'd had no fight is about as vicious as one can get. Gives you a smaple. ...Spent today on same stuff. Not easy, either. Happy digging and planting,